

" Let us be careful not to be seen, for the savages must be on the alert/' Captain Gould cautioned them.

All eyes were turned towards the sea.

No ship was to be seen, although, judging from the nearness of the report, it must have been off Whale Island. All that the boatswain could see was a single canoe, manned by two men, which was trying to get in from the open sea to the beach at Falconhurst.

" Can they be Ernest and Jack ? " Jenny whispered.

" No," Fritz answered, " those two men are natives, and the canoe is a pirogue."

" But why are they running away like that ? " Frank asked. "Can there be some one after them ? "

Fritz uttered a cry—a cry of joy and surprise combined.

He had just seen a bright flash in the middle of a white smoke, and almost simultaneously there was a second report which made the echoes ring round the coast.

At the same time a ball, skimming the surface of the bay, threw up a great jet of water a coupk of fathoms away from the canoe, which continued to fly at full speed towards Falconhurst. /

" There! There!" shouted **Fritz\*** "

Father  
and Mr; Wolston and all of them are  
there—on  
Shark's Island!"